The Prologue.

Corus.

Two houſholds both alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona *where we lay our Scene)*
From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,
Where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane:
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,
A paire of ſtarre-croſt louers, take their life:
Whoſe miſaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,
Doth with their death burie their Parents ſtrife.
The fearfull paſſage of their death-markt loue,
And the continuance of their Parents rage:
Which but their childrens end nought could remoue:
Is now the two houres trafficque of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What heare ſhall miſſe, our toyle ſhall ſtriue to mend.